SANLINE'S CROSS ORDER How a Cyclone Wrecked and Saved.

WELL TEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY ALVAH MILTON KERP, Author of "IN FEONT OF THE STAMPEDE" and (ther Stonies.

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The accident in Pulver's valley was per- | in soft gleamings, cattle stood in the still haps as strange a happening as the annals of railroading in the middle west can show. To a certain order of minds it had the cast and color of a miracle; to the more literal and hardheaded it appealed as pure coincidence; but to both it was, perhaps, equally astounding and impressive. It had inception in the next chair to mine in the dispatcher's office at Traynor. It was the result of a cross order-that terrifying shadow of doom and disgrace which hovers over every train dispatcher's life, though happily not so menacing as formerly,

owing to improved methods. I had been some three months in the dispatcher's office. My position was that of way operator, which signifies that I had not reached the grade of dispatcher, but stood next to it, my work being confined to receiving car reports from the different stations and sending and taking all sorts of messages relating to the trainmaster's

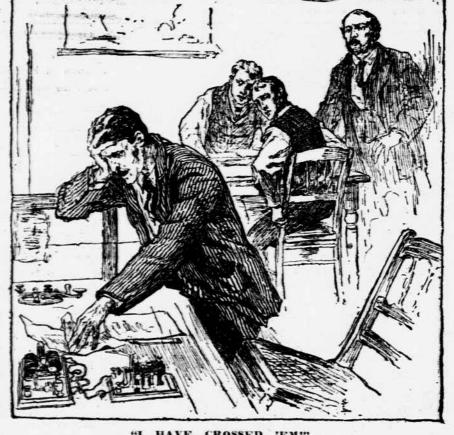
department.
There were three dispatchers, dividing the twenty-four hours of the day into "tricks" of eight hours each. Besides myself and the three dispatchers there was Trainmaster Wilkins, "Old Wilk" we called him. a grizzled graduate from the dispatcher's chair. Charley Sanline had the second trick—that is, from 8 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon. He was a dear fellow, kind, conscientious painstaking, and every one liked him. Through several years he had ordered trains from midnight until 8 in the morning, and with never a serious blunder. But his night vigils and the long

shadows of trees, or thirstily pushed their red nostrils into the streams, horses at plow and mower stopped without bidding, heaving their dripping flanks, while the faces of the working men were scarlet. A thin, hot steam seemed to fill all space, the sun looked faintly dim; yet out of it an intolerable heat seemed to beat as from the open door of a furnace. All life seemed half mad with suffering. Up in the office at Traynor we had been working since morning in great discomfort. Old Wilk, after a gasping puff, said the weather felt like cyclones. Sanline, poor fellow, ham-mered away on the brass, his face wet, but pallid. I felt irritable and weak. The heat was stupefying.

The big eastern special, however, had not been gone three minutes before the office force awoke to such activity as perhaps it had never known before, for Sanline suddenly sprang to his feet, with his hand in his hair and his face like ashes. A strange, pitiful note came from his lips. He stag-gered back, looking with wild eyes at the

"O!" he cried; "O, my God, I have crossed 'em!" "What!" roared Wilkins; and with two strides he was at Charley's table. "Where?

What have you done?" he demanded.
"I've given the oil-wild orders to meet Drant at Fruitlane, and Drant's order is to meet them at Treetor! They will meet two miles this side of Treetor! It's Treetor's hour at dinner! I can't raise him! O, n.y God!" He clutched the edge of the table, trembling with terror and weakness. I looked at him in horror.
Wilkins smote the circuit-breaker open



"I HAVE CROSSED 'EM!

strain had broken his health. Gradually he had grown thin, and the telltale pallor overwork crept into his cheeks. I sat beside him, marveling at his pluck, as I saw his long, thin fingers dancing on the key, as he bent over the train-sheet, guiding the hurling monsters over 200 miles f track. Old Wilk wanted him to quit and go to California, but Charley couldn't afford it, he said. We knew this was true, for he had a mother to support, his father being dead; besides he was trying to keep a younger brother in high school until the

boy should graduate.
"Oh, I'll be all right when cool weathe omes," he would say in summer; and, Never mind, I will brace up when spring arrives," would be his laughing excuse in

The trainmaster, grim, serious and seemingly as cool and unfeeling as iron, I ob-served, often watched Saniine, and some times gruffly ordered him to go out and walk about for a half hour, while the old veteran himself took Charley's chair and

ordered the trains, to the discomfort of many a lazy operator out on the wire. One day, toward the hot end of June, a long train of coaches, decorated with bunting and many flags, came pounding across the switches and drew up alongside the platform at Traynor. The train was loaded, principally, with well-dressed men, wearing badges upon the lapels of their coats and carrying ribbon-knotted canes, the noisy aggregation representing a great political

club on its way to a nominating convention at Chicago. As the panting engine was uncoupled and started for her stall in the roundhouse, the crowd swarmed onto the station platform. Looking down from the bay window of the office, for we were in the second story, I saw the general manager of the road in a group of men by the train. Having some messages for him, I hurried down and presented them. He drew a writing pad from his pocket, and, scribbling several replies, handed them to me, then turned with a cheery "Hello, Drant!" and shook the grimy hand of a short, grayish, solid-looking man in engineer's overalls, who was passing to-

"How is the '90,' Drant? Can she take us to Chicago in two hours, you think? The boys are anxious to get in for the afternoon session," said the general manager.

Drant looked up at the tall official, twinkle in his keen gray eyes. He was an odd mixture of humor and savagery, a man with a reputation for making fast runs. "The '90' is well, sir. I'll make her take you there in that time if I have to drive a

wedge in her pop," he said.

The manager laughed and held up his hand protestingly. "Oh, let her have her safety valve, Drant! Don't wedge that or she may blow up! In that event the east would probably nominate the next Presi-dent, the west being short a lot of log-rollers and delegates." He glanced smilingly over the crowd of politicians.

"That might prove a blessing," grunted Drant, laconically, as the superb "90" came backing down to be coupled on. "I guess the old girl will dange you there all right," he added, looking fondly at the mighty

machine.
"Ha, there, Drant, here's orders for us!" shouted the conductor from the office win-dow. "Come up and sign 'em!"

Sweat was dripping from the fireman's chin. He rocked back and forth like a machine. Stevens held his watch in his right hand, his left on the throttle. Now and then he glanced at the timepiece, then Wiping his perspiring forehead and olly hands on a piece of waste, Drant climbed the stairs. I was at his heels.

The order was a long one, involving several the stairs. strained his eyes ahead. In seven minutes

eral meeting points and the passing of a number of trains as the special progressed over the 110 miles between Traynor and Chicago. I noticed that Sanline did not

look even as well as usual, and how his thin fingers trembled as he handed out the order book to be signed. "Don't let any rust accumulate under th 30. Drant," shouted Wilkins, as the con-ductor and engineer seized their orders and

hurried out the door. Drant grunted de risively, that was all. With flags fluttering and the '90' emit-

ting great, snorting gasps from her ex-hausts, the long train went smashing over the yard frogs and out upon the smooth rails, and began whirling away along the green valley toward the east.

The first station, Fruitlane, she was to

The first station, Fruitlane, she was to pass without stopping; at the third station out, Treetor, her order was to meet a wild oil—that is, a special of oil tank cars running west. As soon as the "30" cleared the switches at Traynor, Drant pulled her throttle lever back close to the last notch and hung fifs greasy cap on the reversing lever. The fireman flung his cap among the road in the tender tore his chirt college.

we rushed through Fruitlane like a meteor. I saw a glimmer of small houses, a man falling back with his uplifted hands against the side of the little depot, and then, as with a breath, we were in the open again. From Traynor to Fruitlane we had come in almost a straight line, but here we struck the flanking hills of the broad valley, and from thence eastward the track flowed forward in long curves, following in some degree the flexures of a small river. Here the drawn, intent look on Stevens' features deepened, and his hand on the throttle worked nervously, as if he would gladly close the valves, but he pluck-lily held her throat wide open and we flew onward. To one not strung to the keenest pitch of excitement our speed would have been terrifying; but personally I was not strongly impressed by this, for the transcendant danger of crashing into the passenger train, somewhere before us, the fact that in five or ten minutes the splendid special and the oil-wild might rush together, eclipsed all else, save fleeting bits of thought that raced through my mind like sparks: How was Charley bearing this? Would the Treetor operator return to his office before the oil-wild passed his station? How should we stop the special if we overtook it?

Then somehow I became aware that the coal in the tender, tore his shirt collar spen and began a battle to keep her hot. In five minutes his face was steaming sweat.

A stiffing heat lay over the land. Over green hue, and as we whirled round a long bend suddenly miles and miles of level yai-

and called Treetor for a moment, then

rushed to the window and shouted hoarsely

Stevens! Go after the Chicago special-a

cross order! Be quick!"

The "103" stood on the siding across from

the station, exhausting slowly as she work-

ed her injector pumps. She was ready to be coupled to a train from the west.

"Take a line relay and go with him," Wilkins cried to me. "If they come to-

geather cut the wire and report to me."

I caught a relay instrument from the

shelf of the supply case, threw a coil of insulated wire over my shoulder, snatched

climbers and pliers, and rushed out. As I

urned for the door I glanced back. San-

line was hanging white and wavering across his table, one hand on the key and calling

Treetor like mad; the other wiping the trickling perspiration from his face.

"Poor boy, what a frightful thing has fallen upon him," I thought as I went

lunging down the stair, and the vision of Sanline hanging over the keys haunted me

through every phase of the terrible scene

With a few bounds I cleared the platform and track and tumbled into the gangway of the "103." I was still on my knees when

"Throw that switch open! Let us out!"

I heard him yelling to some one I could not

With a succession of thunderous blows on

the frogs, the "103" tore out through the yards and started along the valley like a wild thing. The fireman began shoveling coal into the firebox with might and main.

The heat from the boiler-head, combined with the hot sultriness of the day, was

something maddening. I clutched my fingers in the engineer's smutted clothes and

clung to him trying to tell him the situa-

ping, making for Fruitlane, and the special

will pass Fruitlane without stopping, mak-

ing to meet the oil-wild at Treetor. They will collide about two miles this side of Treetor, Charley said."

I nodded, a choking lump rising into my

Stevens kicked his feet against the foot-

"Drant will drive the '90' like Satan,"

shouted. "He is probably making over fifty

miles an hour. We will have to make sixty

miles an hour, and then we will probably not catch him. I hate this-if they should

nappen to stop and we struck 'em in the

rear! Say, get up in the window on the other side and yell to me if you see 'em.

we rushed through Fruitlane like a meteor.

saw a glimmer of small houses, a man

'Did he give the cross?"

the engine banged me back and forth.

tion of the imperiled trains as the roll of

Stevens pulled her throttle open.

wild must sweep directly into it, or, missing it, crash together the moment the appalling thing had passed. Could Drant see it? No; the body of the ridge rose between him and the reeling wrack of force. The men on the oil-wild must surely see it. Would they stop, or, trying to run by it, dash the more certainly into Drant? dash the more certainly into Drant?
As the mad speed of the "103" slackened we gazed forward in fascinated terror at the converging forces near the point of the ridge. The panting fireman threw down his shovel, and, dashing the sweat, from his eyes looked and wondered his eyes, looked and wondered.

ley lay open before us. To the northeast of it, indescribably majestic and awful, hung a leaning mountain of cloud, black-green at the base and smoky through all its foamy crags. It seemed pitching forward as if to fall upon and overwhelm the world. Half-way down the boiling mountain an impense island of brassy was a plunging

mense island of brassy vapor was plunging into it like a moving continent. I saw the two twisting together like mighty serpents, and knew that death was abroad in the

Sky.

Stevens did not seem to notice it. His eyes were feeding on the reaches of track before us. Swinging in toward the hills for half a mile or more, I lost sight of the

colliding storm clouds for a little space, but when, a half-minute later, we rushed

round an outward-bending curve, I saw, miles away to the northeast, a forest being

torn into fragments. Above it whirled an indescribable cylinder of cloud, an appall-ing monster of destruction. Almost black

at the base, it towered heavenward for thousands of feet, and spread out against the sky, dark green and veined with curl-ing forks of lightning. As it spun round it seemed an infinite auger boring into the earth and tearing the very hills into ruin.

It was moving toward the southwest with far greater speed than ever a locomotive

I was on my knees in the left-hand for-ward window of the cab, clutching the framework as the engine rolled and plunged. I glanced at Stevens. He was

eaning forward watching the track ahead,

veins on his temple distended, the cords of his neck standing out. The fireman seemed never to look up. The handle of his shovel was wet, his face was

"There they are!" Stevens suddenly shouted. "Pound it under her, Burns! Give it to her!" He surged forward over his knees, as if he would push the rushing

I looked ahead, for my eyes had been

lifted to the spinning core of storm approaching from the northeast. With one

engine glitter against the lightning; then she was lost to sight on an inner curve.

Stevens saw it at the same moment, and threw himself back and pressed his hand over his eyes, writhing like one who felt something of the pain of the hundreds of human beings who must surely be crushed to death in a few seconds. As for myself I was dumb with hover for a little street.

thing. Stevens saw, and jamming the throttle shut, fell forward on his knees

and gazed outward and upward, all his

The vast, whirling cone of cloud was coming directly across the valley toward the polynomial to the ridge. Houses, barns, fences trees all this

fences, trees, all things were being sucked

from the surface of the earth by its awful lips. The air about us was green,

and somehow all objects seemed touched

It looked that both Drant and the oil-

features working oddly.

with a film of rust.

streaming.

engine faster.

Our suspense was but a few moments. With the roar and power of a hundred rushing trains the cyclone struck the point of the ridge. The waters of the little river burst up the hillside; tons of earth lifted into the air and turned to dust; trees on the ridge leaned clear of the ground like. the ridge leaped clear of the ground like flying straws, and, in the midst of dust and whirling atoms, we saw Drant' spe-cial mount directly up the slope and stop on the hillside, the engine turning on its side. It was the most remarkable vision ever vouchsafed our eyes. Three minutes later we jumped down

from the "103" near the wreck. Around the point of the ridge there was no railroad track and scarcely any embankment. The telegraph wires had been swept away. By number two, and, attaching my relay, "Bring your engine on to the main track, grounded the wire in the mud at the river's

A half hour after the strange accident I called up Traynor and gave Trainmaster

Wilkins the following: "The Chicago special is up on a hillside about two miles west of Treetor. Most of the coaches are on the rails; the track runs directly uphill. Engine 90 ran off the ends of the rails; lies on her side. No one hurt. The oil-wild stands on the other side of the ridge; ran onto the twisted track and stopped; cannot back the train without assistance. None of the crew injured. No track around the hill; a cyclone crossed between the two trains, lifting the track up the hill on each side and breaking it in the center. The ties and fishplates held the rails together at each side, and Drant's train ran up the slope. We have flagmen out east and west."

Wilkins said some odd and sulphurous things on the wire, and added: "Have or-

wrecking train forward. Connect wire through if you can."
"How is Charley?" I asked fearfully. "Had him taken home; he's in bad shape. Tell general manager that I gave the cross order-he will understand."

It was like old Wilk, hard and serious on the surface, but tender as a mother at He wanted to protect poor Sanline's good fame.

Two weeks afterward, when the queer wreck had been straightened out and the track rebuilt, Wilkins took a vacation and went with Charley to California. The "old man" bought a fruit ranch near San Jose and gave Sanline an interest in it. They never came back, save to visit us. Charley's outdoor life in California's sunny orchards brought him health again, and the old train master found the baim and leisure of his new life more congenial than "running trains over the hills of Illinois," as he once, in jocular fashion, wrote me.

-+++ The Sponge Supply.

"There's no operator at Fruitlane, you know." I shouted near his ear, "and the man at Treetor is at dinner. The oil-wild will come through Treetor without stop-From the New York Evening Post. At the Trinidad agricultural exhibition specimens of sponges which had been collected on the beach at Tobago were on show. The sponges were not large but were soft in texture, minutely porous, and the presence of large silicious spicules, so board and ground his teeth. He had the throttle lever back in the last notch, and common in inferior kinds, was not apparent. They resembled very much what are we were going like the wind. The roar of the giant machine was a kind of continuous sold as face sponges. In the specimens exhibited it was seen that the structure was tender and eastly pulled to pieces, showing that they would not last long in use. It was explained, however, that the specimens were taken from the beach, and there was nothing to show how long they had been exposed to the rolling of the breakers, the heat of the sun and the erosion of sand and pebbles at the beach, which would naturally tend to rot the texture of a sponge. This is a crazy idea, sending us after 'em in this way. Burns'—to the fireman—"pound the stuff under her! Keep her hot!" Such, however, is the quality that it is thought, says the "Bulletin of Miscellane-ous Information" (Trinidad), a trial might usefully be made by a skilled diver on the reefs where they are produced, to ascertain whether the quality would be of fair market value, if harvested direct from their habitat. Such an experiment would cost but little, and, if successful would confer a blessing on the little island of Tobago, so long hampered by financial difficulties. the Bahamas the export for 1898 was val-ued at £97,512. If the reefs of Tobago should prove as fertile of marketable sponges as those of the Bahamas it would mean the establishment of a new and permanent industry of the highest value.

The Eternal Feminine From the Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Hewman-"I never saw such a busy-Just because the doctor stopped at house yesterday she immediately wanted to know what was the matter."

Mrs. Naycher—"Yes; I wonder how she'd like her neighbors to be that curious about her? You know the doctor stopped at her house today, too."

Mrs. Hewman—"You don't say? I wonder what's the matter there?"

"Well, well," exclaimed the Irish trainer. "licked 24 to 0. "Tis a shame, so it is."

STYLISH SKATING COSTUME.

proaching from the northeast. With one glance I saw that which made my scalp creep. We were within three miles of Treetor, and something more than a mile ahead of us the track swung outward into the valley, following the base of a long projecting ridge. Near the beginning of this great curve we saw Drant's special rushing obliquely toward the outer point of the sloping ridge; beyond the point of land, perhaps a haif mile, I saw for an instant the polished jacket of the oil-wild's engine glitter against the lightning: then Worth While Facing the Cold to Show Them Off.

CORAL RED IS IN POPULAR FAVOR

to death in a few seconds. As for myself. I was dumb with horror for a little space. My tongue and lips seems suddenly parched, and I swallowed painfully, trying to speak. With my eyes following the special as she thundered toward destruction, I forgot the monster in the heavens. Suddenly I was conscious of pointing toward the northeast and shouting something. Stevens some and investor Fancy Neck Arrangements More Numerous Than Ever.

FOR MID-WINTER WEAR

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. NEW YORK, January 8, 1902.

It is worth while facing even bronchitis and the chances of a frost-bitten nose in order to go out and see what the ice maidens are wearing. From their toes to their toques not a detail that might contribute to the effectiveness of their appearance has been overlooked; yet for this season the skating dress is very much what each steel-shod damsel finds most becoming to her particular style. Nine-tenths of the skaters, however, have adopted Tam o'Shanters as the best and most comfortable headgear, and they wear them in all shades of red from mulberry purple to hollyberry crimson, and knitted or cut from felt, Scotch bonnet cloth, camels' hair or corduroy.

A few very topping girls appear on the ice in tams of broad tall or sealskin, but these extravangances are few and far between, while the jolly flat cap of wool, tipped up on one side to show a bunch of black ribbons fastened with a Scotch pebble pin or a gilt buckle, are sensibly pre-dominant.

Skating Sets.

It is the skating, say the furriers, that has restored the long, round bon to service, for every woman who skims the ice is artist enough to realize the value of ends, be they fur or ribbon, fluttering in searching I found the broken end of wire the wind behind her. A great number of skaters' sets, consisting of boa and muff, have been made up at the fur shops, and these consist, as a rule, of the compara-tively inexpensive and very durable Japa-nese and pointed fox fur, which, in reality, is the worthy gray American fox dyed to suit the ever-changing style. One pretty miss who does the Dutch roll and the grape-

NEW SKATING STYLES the calf, and the exceedingly heavy style on which they are built, has molded the fashion for all the outdoor shoes. Soles a fourth of an inch thick and of double ex-tension, well rounding toes, blucher cut tops, made half of dressed American calf and half of grained English leather, is the formula on which the skating boot is made. It is also the formula on which a walking boot is built. This is the most waterproof shoe that it is possible to construct; it proves too large to permit an overshoe to be drawn over it, and it is always spoken of as a boot. Nowadays the word shoe sig-nifies, to the extremely new century miss, an Oxford tie.

Coral Red is the Color. The wise women who steer the good ship

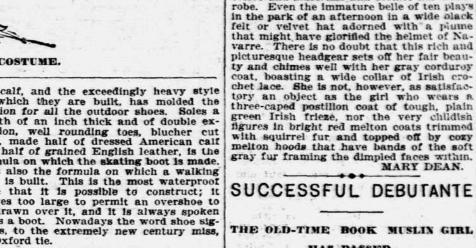
Fashion by the sewing needle say that we shall soon be done with turquoise blue and shall proclaim coral red in its place. It takes time, however, for a color to capture



ago coral was formally introduced. Now the Parisian dressmakers have decided to give this pleasant tint a boost, and all the new year models have come over with



coral red waistcoats, coral set buttons and



SUCCESSFUL DEBUTANTE

satin dots. It is applied in flat folds to the stock, and the scarf that encircles this

is tied in a small bow-knot under the chin, drawn down on the bust and tied there, and

tion of heavy ecru lace or colored embroid-

What Children Are Wearing.

sturdy ten-year-old.

THE OLD-TIME BOOK MUSLIN GIRL HAS PASSED.

Written for The Evening Star.

"Debutanteship is not what it used to be, and the blushing rosebud who does not know how to regularly hustle for attention is going to be left in heart sickening isolation against the wall." The veteran chaperon worked off stitches with a huge wooden needle as she talked and knitted a pink and white afghan. "I am referring now to the rushing, ambitious, exacting, overcrowded, luxurious society of our big cities, in which, according to most conservative estimate, it requires every cent of \$20,000 to put a girl through her first season in a style sufficiently brilliant to command attention and interest. That is, in actual figures, what one New York girl is spending on her own social behalf this year. This girl has no end of common sense, and she is the only daughter of a rich but not a multi-millionaire father, who dotes upon her. She has a pleasant, clever face and agreeable manners, but she knew that they were not of sufficient importance to place her commandingly in our society, so she had a plain talk with papa. She explained that if he would finance her properly she would guarantee to come out and come out in a manner that would reflect credit on them both, but if he felt he could only put up money for the usual set of afternoon receptions, hired cabs and modest wardrobe she would prefer to join a few clubs and feature herself among the progressive feminine intellects. "Well, it appears that papa was delighted

with the business acumen her proposition displayed, and, approving the estimates she had made, he promised to put up the money any doubt as to her success, because she invested at once in an automobile, an opera box, subscribed to all the best concerts, lectures and charity associations, with conspicuous spiender, keeps two horses for use in the park and entertains brilliantly and constantly. In three weeks that girl was a figure in society, and the typical debutantes, who sit in white chiffon beside their chaperons, wonder how she contrived to do it and why their sweet ways and fair faces fail to accomplish the same

brilliant end.

"The whole trouble is that the young girls have been crushed by the competition of wealth and by the married belies. Mothers were supported by the competition of wealth and by the married belies. ers of debutante daughters lead the cottl-lions, wear the diamonds, issue the opera and dinner party invitations, and are more and more resentful every year of resigning their gayety and prerogatives to the young-er generation. There are nowadays num-bers of gay matrons whose daughters never formally enter society at all, but go in for intellectual pursuits, decorate the back seats of mamma's opera box, fill up at her dinners and oblige by entertaining the more elderly and less interesting admirers in mamma's train. Society is full of these flowers that blush unseen, just as it is fuller every year of moderately well to do debutantes who come out in very fashion-able society and find to their discouragement that it requires great wealth or daz-zling wits, or enchanting beauty to make so much as a first impression.

She Gets Attention.

"Some of these girls, who go to the subscription balls and gorgeous dinners and find themselves overlooked are cast down, and slip out of the competition, but it is the girl who, as I said at first, is willing to hustle who will get the attention. Some of them do, and one under my chaperonage, whose people are from the west, has conquered society by sheer force of enterprise. To her first big ball she went in a sweet white gown, and though I sat through with her until 3 a.m. she never had but five dances. There were no complaints, but I saw a look in her eyes that meant grim determination, and the next time I took her out she was clad from her shoulders to her toes in scarlet, and her black hair was put up in the wickedest little knot with a pair of regular long Mephistophelian cock feathers in it. She displayed many dia-monds and I expostulated, but it was no use. When we got into the ball room I was horrified to see that her black gloved hands were thrust into a huge muff made wholly of scarlet ostrich feathers, but in spite of my horror I could not help noticing that every one turned to look at her, and a number of men came up to ask for intro-ductions. She seemed to get on wonderfully well from that moment, kept all her swains roars of laughter, and was not on my

hands for five minutes. "When we got into the carriage at 4 o'clock in the morning she leaned back with a contented sigh, and explained to me that her first ball had simply been an imitation. "I saw then that to get one in so-ciety, she said, 'I had to do just as papa does with his canned goods, advertise atdoes with his canned goods, advertise attractively; and so I got my red gown and borrowed mamma's diamonds and then I studied up the jokes in the back of some old magazines. I am going to pose as a humorist and I'll be willing to wager you anything you like that I shall get on. This is a day of specialties and the old-fashioned book muslin debutante has got to push and bid for position and saw social wood all the time, just as business men do in Wall street, unless she wants to keep her slippers intact and merely observe society from the chaperon's corner."

clety from the chaperon's corner.

to eat one quail a day for thirty days. It is inexplicable how the old delusion that a man cannot eat one quall a day for thirty man cannot eat one quall a day for thirty days holds its own. Any man can eat one quail a day for thirty days. At Lawrence some years ago. Will Upton ate two quails a day for more than thirty days. For the first week or two he starved himself with the idea that he must keep up an appetite. After that he sometimes ate three or four of the highs in a day. Another old fraud of the birds in a day. Another old fraud on the public is the belief that a horse cannot pull a sack of sand at the end of a 200-foot rope. Any cow pony in Kansas will go off on a lope with such a sack.

ranging in price and importance from the 40 cent chenille dotted tulle bow to \$15 real lace stocks and ties were purchased by the FOR MY LADY'S SEWING thousands, and still the manufacture of novel turnovers, bows, bands, scarfs, jabots, etc., goes merrily on. A woman whose top drawers are brimming with collars of

USEFUL AND PRETTY ACCESSORIES FOR THE WORKBASKET.

Here and Abroad

every possible shape and material will still hang hungrily wistful over the collar coun-ter at every shop she enters. At this fleet-ing moment there is a slight preference ex-Accomplishments on the Domestic pressed for neck-decorations made of crepe de chine in some light color variegated with

Written for The Evening Star,

from this point the ends flutter nearly to the waist line and show a finishing decora-That old-fashioned feminine accomplishment, fine needlework, seems to be on the point of enjoying a revival. At least, every one will agree that it looks so, judging Though the beginning of the year always from the demand for handsome accessobrings conspicuous indications of future ries to my lady's work basket. Women defashions for grown-ups and the windows pend so much upon the sewing machine for are filled with an incongruous show of their stitching that they consider it unnecmuslins and flowered dimities, the children essary to master those details of the art take their seasons as they come, Little of sewing, mending and patching of which boys at this hour are finding the intensest comfort in their fur caps, and mothers who regulate the fashions for very young men put their blonde boys in caps of light gray caracule and the brown-haired little chaps in caps of seal. Small boys have of their own free will started up a trade in coon our grandmothers were past mistresses.

In the old days dainty fingers could neatly darn a rent in delicate cashmere or cambric, take up the cut stitch in filmly laces or repair with the deft insertion of a patch own free will started up a trade in coon skin caps, and to go to school in a Daniel Boone cap and a double-breasted pilot cloth coat with a storm collar and vertical band pockets is the lofty ambition in dress in costly fabrics the most glaring ravages of time. No lady of gentle birth was then considered finished in her education until she was an expert needlewoman, and mar-velous were the specimens of their skill shown in the samplers of the last century and the tapestries of an earlier period. At the very tenderest age the American girl begins to express her preferences in colors and materials and dictate her ward-

and the tapestries of an earlier period.

If some enterprising, public-spirited woman should open a school of needlework along the lines of the schools of domestic science, in which only cooking and housework are taught, many a shabby man and many a family of neglected children would rise up to bless her for leading the wife or mather into the light or mother into the light.

Taught by the Nuns. As fine sewers French and German we-

men are better equipped than either the English or Americans. French nuns are famous for their skill in needlework. They teach even the daughters of the old aristocracy to sew. With what they call the stocking stitch, for instance, silk hose may be repaired so that it will be wellnigh impossible to tell where the darn was made. As fine silk stockings not unusually cost \$4 or \$5 a pair the services of a skilled darner are imperative. The method of making various lace stitches, the special stitch for filling up work special secondary to see the secondary than the secondary to the secondary to the secondary than the secondary than the secondary to the secondary than the secondary that the secondary than the secondary that the secondary than the secondary than the secondary that the secondary filling up worn spots in cashmere shawls and ways of repairing slik, satin and velvet are taught to perfection in French convents.

Respect for Household Work. As American women come into contact

with the high-born ladies of other coun-

tries and see how much stress is put upon domestic accomplishments even in the wealthiest households they are inclined to look with more respect on those arts which they have heretofore despised. The Queen of England and her sisters were taught by their admirable mother, the late Queen of Denmark, to make every bit of their own clothing in the old days when their father was one of the most obscure princes in Europe. Alexandra has wisely caused her own daughters to be instructed in both sewing and housekeeping. Often when they were young girls the English Princesses Louise, Maud and Victoria made their own hats and frocks in order to save for some pet charity the money that would otherwise have gone to a dressmaker. What a princess of England can do any American woman dares imitate, and so an era of pol-ished domesticity has set in.

In a fashionable store the other afternoon, looking over bits of fancy silver, my atten-tion was arrested by the number of dainty accessories of the workbasket. Pretty as they are, not all are really expensive. Fortunately in these days even a poor woman may surround herself with beautiful things. Sliver-handled darners sell at all prices from 10 cents to about \$1 each. The round black oval, which is the really useful part of the article, is made of some hard substance, while the handle is of silver handsomely chased.

Some of the Extras.

Spool holders are of all kinds from chased silver stands with uprights to run through if she would pull the social chestnuts out of the fire. There was not from the first pin upon the dress and from which the speols are suspended by short chains. Indians', brownies' and animals' heads are wrought in silver for classs.

Never were thimbles cheaper or prettier than at present. The light-weight aluminum thimble is almost as pretty as silver and is very comfortable on the hand. Unfortunately inventors have not given any thought yet to the sewing woman who suf-fers from a perspiring finger, the result of the closeness and heaviness of the average thimble, or they would long ago have thought of some way in which the finger might be ventilated without leaving it open to the danger of being pricked by the

To Keep Needles Clean.

Emery bags are made with velvet or silk or bright colored cloth covers capped by chased silver heads, to which silken cords and tassels are attached. The emery bags keep needles in good condition. Indeed, many old-fashioned women prefer an emery pincushion to one filled with sawdust, as the pins and needles placed in it retain their brightness and fineness longer. A needle that has rusted may be brightened by drawing it a few times through fine em-

Fancy wax tablets for smoothing down the rough ends of silk, cotton or wool thread are made in various shapes and clasped by a silver head similar to those of the emery bags. Strawberries, blackberries, tomatoes, apples and ears of corn are represented in the wax. From 25 to 50 cents each is the usual cost.

Hem gauges, consisting of bands of silver marked with inches, are handsomely mounted, generally with a head or some similar device at one end and a bar of silver at the other, with an adjustable slide running over the surface to mark the hem. The gauges cost from 50 cents to \$2.50 each. Needlecases are made in all sorts of shapes. A silver cylinder placed upon a

pedestal to represent a group of pillars and having a single head that screws off is one style of case. Others look very much like closed penknives. The cases cost from 25 cents to \$1.

Tape measures are made of slik or linen, according to taste. Long tapes are usually colled in tiny silver boxes, which may be ornamented on top with the monogram of the owner or with her birthstone. Yard measures are finished with fancy heads like those of the hem gauges and with a silver rod, upon which the line is wrapped when

Ornate silver bookins with chased heads

and sliver stilettes for picking out stitches are among the small accessories of the fair mender's collection.

Thimble cases are a luxurious addition to the list of workbasket furnishings. They are usually of silver filigree lined with silk, satin or velvet to support the thimbie in its hours of idleness. Glove menders are in-expensive. Needlecases are hollowed inside the bar that supports the pieces over which the darning or stitching is to be done. Needles and bodkins for threading ribbons are modern conveniences made in silver and elegantly ornamented. Finger shields afford protection in place of thimbles and are an old-fashioned device. The silver ones are roughly engraved and often decorated with

a monogram.

Pincushions consist of silver boxes in which are set velvet cushions, or they are flat silk or velvet pads included between two silver ornaments. Such cushions may be purchased for half a dollar each. Pocket mirrors and pincushions are sometimes in-cluded in a set and are intended for the use

of shoppers. ELEANOR HEWITT.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"While the people as a whole may write more legibly than they did a generation ago," said an old writing teacher, "there are not so many really excellent penmen. The multiplication of business colleges has improved the handwriting of a portion of the public, while the invention of the type-writer has made it useless to acquire exwriter has made it useless to acquire ex-tra skill in penmanship. Time was when the first-class penmen commanded high salaries, but now there is such a slight demand for good writers that the mar-ket is overstocked. No penman can com-pete with a typewriter, and so the art of superior penmanship is gradually dying out, and will soon be lost."

Iditie Clarence (who has an inquiring mind)—"Pa, what is a 'wise old saw?"

Mrs. Gottle—"I never did see such a man as you are. Frank. I don't believe you have been to church for three years."

Mr. Gottle—"I was married in church, you

Skating shoes, pure and simple lace, with The epidemic of fancy collars continues leather thougs, clear up to the center of unabated. At Christmas neck decorations

buckles, coral panne collars and coral pink taffeta linings. Even the florists are lend-ing a helping hand by announcing a crepy petaled rose that is pure coral red in color, and it is this rose that shines in all the well-arranged evening colffures. From the Italian coast cities tons of coral beads have already been sent over, and every girl who can find any quaint old coral jewelry among her mother's things is wearing them with great self-satisfaction.

MIDWINTER VISITING COSTUME.

vine as easily as the signs her own name created a little sensation on the ice by appearing in a sult of gray cloth and a big stole and huge must of undyed squirrel skin. The tails and heads and paws of the little animal fringed and trimmed the set most appropriately, the lining was done in bark brown satin and a couple of big hickory nuts set in silver frames fastened the captivating whap under her chin and across her chest.

The Lieugth of the Skirt.

Longer skating skirts are the rule this

year, because the line of grace for the

ength of a sporting petticoat has been

dropping every season lower and lower, until it has reached the top of the foot.

Six years ago the most modest and fash-

ionable women did not scruple to wheel

ner chest. W jos 6

sketch is given of a pretty gray cloth gown done over with coral renovations. The skirt is plain gray empress cloth, and the walst has its front, belt and neckband only renewed. The neck and walstband are of deep coral-red panne crepe, the vest is of cream-white taffeta held with three round coral buttons set in gold and the crossed and perpendicular bands are of black satin embroidered in gay little rings of coral pink. Satin straw and cherille to of coral pink. Satin straw and chenille is the material of the flat Ramboulliet hat that is trimmed with overlapping circles of ruffled black liberty satin ribbon edged with a selvage of coral pink. Under the brim at the left side a huge pompon of coral pink tuile frested over with the finest black chenille lends color and a coquetile tinefit to this otherwise tringing to the color and a coquetile. tish tip-tilt to this otherwise trying but

Two tones of coral are not improperly

ionable women did not scruple to wheel and golf in skirts that reached only to the middle of the calf, and which today would be rejected as highly improper, not to say shockingly unbecoming. With the gracefully long, heavily and ornamentally stitched skating skirt of melton, double-faced camels' hair, storm tweed or Irish frieze, a brief, close-fitting storm tacket is fastened snugly over a tucked flannel or red corduror waist. Fleece-lined dogskin gloves or cozy old-fashlened knitted mittens cover the ice maiden's hands and her shoes are a wonder.

At the Collar Counter.

Little Clarence (who has an inquiring mind). "Pa, what is a 'wise old saw?"